

The Tragedie of Hamlet

The sunne no sooner shall the mountaines touch,  
But we will ship him hence, and this vile deede  
We must with all our Maiestie and skill *Enter Ros. & Guild.*  
Both countenance and excuse. Ho *Guyldensterne*,  
Friends both, goe ioyne you with some further ayde,  
*Hamlet* in madnes hath *Polonius* slaine,  
And from his mothers closet hath he dreg'd him,  
Goe seeke him out, speake fayre, and bring the body  
Into the Chappell; I pray you hast in this,  
Come *Gertrard*, wee'le call vp our wisest friends,  
And let them know both what we meane to doe  
And whats vntimely doone,  
Whose whisper ore the worlds dyameter,  
As leuell as the Cannon to his blanck,  
Transports his poynd shot, may misse our Name,  
And hit the woundlesse ayre, ô come away,  
My soule is full of discord and dismay. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Hamlet, Rosencrans, and others:*

*Ham.* Safely stowd, but soft, what noyse, who calls on *Hamlet*?  
O heere they come.

*Ros.* What haue you doone my Lord with the dead body?

*Ham.* Compound it with dust whereto tis kin.

*Ros.* Tell vs where tis that we may take it thence,

And beare it to the Chappell.

*Ham.* Doe not beleuee it.

*Ros.* Beleuee what.

*Ham.* That I can keepe your counsaile & not mine owne, besides  
to be demaunded of a sponge, what relication should be made by  
the sonne of a King.

*Ros.* Take you me for a sponge my Lord?

*Ham.* I sir, that sokes vp the Kings countenance, his rewards, his  
authorities, but such Officers doe the King best seruice in the end, he  
keepe them like an apple in the corner of his saw, first mouth'd to be  
last swallowed, when hee needs what you haue gleand, it is but squee-  
sing you, and sponge you shall be dry againe.

*Ros.* I vnderstand you not my Lord.

*Ham.* I am glad of it, a knauish speech sleepe in a foolish care.

*Ros.* My Lord, you must tell vs where the body is, and goe with vs  
to the King.

Prince of Denmark

*Ham.* The body is with the King  
body. The King is a thing.

*Gyl.* A thing my Lord.

*Ham.* Of nothing, bring me to know.

*Enter King, and*

*King.* I haue sent to seeke him, a  
How dangerous is it that this man g  
Yet must not we put the strong La  
Hee's lou'd of the distracted multie  
VWho like not in their iudgement  
And where tis so, th'offenders scou  
But neuer the offence: to beare all  
This suddaine sending him away n  
Deliberate pause, diseases desperat  
By desperat applyance are relieu'd  
Or not at all.

*Enter Rosencrans and*

*King.* How now, what hath be

*Ros.* Where the dead body is b

VVe cannot get from hi

*King.* But where is hee?

*Ros.* Without my lord, guarde

*King.* Bring him before vs.

*Ros.* How, bring in the Lord.

*King.* Now *Hamlet*, where's *Polonius*?

*Ham.* At supper.

*King.* At supper, where.

*Ham.* Not where he eates, b  
cation of politique wormes are ee  
Emperour for dyet, we eat all cre  
selues for maggots, your fat King  
ble seruice, two dishes but to one

*King.* Alas, alas.

*Ham.* A man may fish with th  
eate of the fish that hath fedde o

*King.* *King.* VVhat doost th

*Ham.* Nothing but to shew